WIVES COMPETING.

Can Nobody Exceed the Record of Fourteen Living Children?

Mrs. Watchman Waldeck, of Castle Garden, Displays Her Jewels.

All Hoping to Win "The Evening World's " \$100, \$50 and \$20 Prizes.

One Hundred Dollar Gold Certificate to the mother having the greatest number of living children.

A Fifty-Dollar Silver Certificate to the mother of the second largest family of living

children. A Twenty-Dollar Gold Piece as a conso lation prize to the proud mother of the third

largest brood of children. These prizes are to the mothers.

The competition is to be covered by the following CONDITIONS:

Every mother entering her offspring must live in the metropolis consisting of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken,

Only living children will be counted. The mother must send to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD her own full name and nationality; her name before marriage; her age; the date and place of her marriage; the name and age of the father or fathers of her children and their nationality; the full name of each child, the date of its birth and present residence. Contest-

onts must write upon one side of the paper only. Accompanying this statement the mother should send a brief note from some well-known person, like the minister or priest, the family physician or the Alderman of the ward, stating that he knows or believes the statement to be true.

Among the many proud matrons who have entered the competition for THE EVENING World prize none has a prettier family of children than Mrs. Richard Waldeck, of Brooklyn. The family live in the flat house 20 Newell street, a quiet thoroughfare in that part of the City of Churches which is known

as Greenpoint. Fourteen children have come to their home, of whom nine are now living and five dead.

The first three little strangers who took up their abode there were boys. The next ten baby visitors were girls. Ten little girl

babies all in a row. Then, to the surprise of the family, the neighborhood and all Greenpoint, a boy was born.

This was a remarkable boy, for he was born on the day Harrison was inaugurated, the 4th of March, 1889, and at about the hour Harrison took the eath of office on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. He began to be a prospective citizen of the United States the same day that Harrison began to be President. President.

President.

The parents and aunts and uncles and cousins of the little guest who had come on this distinguished day were delighted.

All his cousins and his uncles and his aunts insisted that he should be named Feujanints insisted that he should be named Henja-nin Harrison in honor of his being born on so memorable a day. The new name was unanimously adopted amid great enthusiasm. It was bestowed on the little stranger and he has been President of the household ever

since.
Indeed, his reign extends throughout the block. Foreign ambassadors from the neighbors' houses come to see him. His word in his own house is law. His administration must be a success, for he is praised by every-

Mrs. Waldeck's circle of children includes Benjamin Harrison and eight little girls. The eldest is a young lady of 18 years, and the youngest is the little President of Green-point, Benjamin Harrison Waldeck, five And though he is the youngest

point, Benjamin Harrison Watesk, investion of the family he has the most to say.

The family of pretty little girls and an infant President is as follows:

Martha A., born Dec. 9, 1873,
Augusta, born April 10, 1875.

Margaret, born Feb. 4, 1877.

Evelina, born Nov. 26, 1878.

Catharine, born Sept. 7, 1880.

Annie, born April 5, 1882.

Agnes, born Jan. 1, 1884.

Jessie, born June 16, 1885.

Benjamin Harrison, born March 4, 1889.

Mrs. Waldeck is a native of New York

City, having been born in the metropolis

Feb. 23, 1849, and is of German descent. Her maiden name was Miss Rosensteel. She was led to the altar May 22, 1867, and has been married twenty-two years.

Mr. Richard Waldack is a watchman at married twenty-two years.

Mr. Richard Waldeck is a watchman at

Castle Garden. He was born in Hessen, in Germany, Feb. 20, 1845. He enlisted in 1868 in the Fifteenth New York Heavy Artillery, and was in the heavy fighting in which the heavy artillery, equipped as infantry, bore so distinguished a part in the campaign of the Wilderness. In an engagement at White Oak Crossing, south of Petersburg, he was badly wounded, his right arm being shattered.

He received his discinarge while lying on a cot in a military hospital. After the war he enlisted in the regular army, and served two years, when he was again discenarged on necount of disability caused by his wounds.

The old war veteran is now pursuing the peaceful work of watching Castle Garden.

Eleven Left of Seventeen. Seeing in your paper that you offer prizes to the mother having the largest families I send you my list. My name is Ann Sophia Venyoor, born in

London, England. Name before marriage, Wilkes, I am forty-seven years old. My wilkes. I am forty-seven years old. My busbaud's name is Gennat, born in Bethlehem, Holland. He is fifty-five years old. I am the mother of seventeen children, eleven of whom are living. Four are married and seven are at home.

I was married Sept. 17, 1856, by the Rev. William L. Peck, assistant minister of the Church of the Holy Evangelists, in Beckman street, New York City. My living children are:

are:
Ann Sophia, born Sept. 8, 1859; William Gerrit, born July 20, 1851; Cathrine Wilkes, born Aug. 13, 1868; Matilda Amelia, born April 25, 1872; Charles Christboern, born July 27, 1874, Benjami, Franki Persi 27, 1874; Benjamin Franklin, born Sept. 10, 1876; Harry Edward, born Nov. 25, 1878; Florence Adelle, born Dec. 23, 1880; Sarah Elizabeth, born Dec. 3, 1882; Ralph Irwin, born, Jan. 4, 1885; Grace Jenette, born, June

For reference, see Police Capt, Martin Short. Fifth Precinct, Brooklyn, who knows the truth of this statement. My residence is 16 Bancroft place, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Ann S. Gennat,

Brooklyn, Aug. 6.

The King of Bean Bakers. One who has amassed wealth by baking beans in Boston is L. G. Parmalee, of 15 Chester park, says the Boston Globe. His little bakery, a one-story frame building. stands not far from his residence, and there a reporter interviewed one of his employees re-

"We fill the oven at 2 o'clock in the day
and take them out at 4 in the morning. We
intend to bake them fourteen hours," said be.
"Do you bake 400 pots every day?" I sug-

That is our average. Some days it is a few more and some days a few less."
So I mused by way of ascertaining how a
man could grow rich at this singular business. The yield of the oven being 400 pots every twenty-four hours, and the price 20 cents each, there would result an income of \$80 a day, half of which would be clear

To whom do you serve them ?" "Almost entirely to restaurants and eating houses. We have no trade to speak of with private families. They all bake for them-

private families. They all bake for themselves."

"Have you no competition?"

"None to speak of. There is another small establishment downtown which started a year or so ago, but its business is small."

Mr. Parmalee was seen at his residence. He said: "I've been baking beans for more than forty years. I was born up in Vermont, came down here and worked in a bakery for a while and then went West. I got tired out there, came back and took this business, which then amounted to very little. We baked about forty pots of beaus three times a week then. Now it keeps us busy to times a week then. Now it keeps us busy to

The king of bean bakers is also a collector of rare coins, and his collection, he says, is worth \$75,000, being the finest in America. It is the plaything of his leisure hours.

His Faith Shaken.

'[From the San Francisco Chronicle,]
He concluded he would tell the child the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So he took him on his knee and told him how Santa Claus was a pretty fabrication made up by fathers and mothers who loved their children to make them happy, and the fathers and mothers were the real Santa Claus. The small boy listened in silence. This was a shock to him, because, like other and more inexcussible people, he felt he had been making a painful exhibition of his ig-norance. He slid down from his father's knee and walked across the room to the door.
He opened it and stood holding the knob for a moment in a kind of deep thought. Then he turned and looked at his father.

"Say, papa, have you been filling me up about the devil, too?"

Not a Disciple of Wagner.

[From the San Francisco Wasp.] Scene, the garden of a country villa—Passerby (at the gate)-Gardener, what is the mat-

erby (at the gate)—Gardener, what is the mat-ter up at the house—that terrible screech-ing?
Gardener (putting his hand to his ear to listen)—I can't make out exactly. Either the lady is practising her singing or some vile animal has got into the hen-house.

ECHOES FROM THE STAGE. STATE

TREATRICAL WORLD.

Pauline Hall to Reappear at the Casine Sept. 17-"La Mexicana" Likely to Follow "The Brigands"-Hattle Delaro's Rueful Experiences on the Road-Herr mann's Vaudevilles Sail.

Frank A. Slocum, who has very nearly as many diamonds as his radiant brother John, will manage Ezra Kendall next season in "A Pair of Kids." Lillian Hamilton and Jennie Dunn will be the kids. The season will open Aug. 26 in Boston. John Slocum will again join the forces of Mestaver and Vaughn, who are rehearsing their "Tourists" at Red Bank.

Sol Smith Russell was in town yesterday with E. G. Kidder, the author of "A Poor Relation," the play in which Mr. Russell will this month appear at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Russell was engaging his company yesterday. and you would have thought that the whol profession was looking for engagements if you had seen the swarms dancing attendance

It is said that the opera which will succeed.

"The Brigands" at the Casino, and precede.
"La Mexicana," will be an adaptation of La Fille du Tambour-Major."

Miss Leonora Bradley, now playing in 'The Lion and the Lamb" at the Bijou, has a distinct grievance. 'On Monday night," she said yesterday, 'I had some lovely flowers sent to me. They were unexpected, and I longed to have them handed to me over the footlights. Against the rules of the management, I was told. I sent to have an exception made in my favor. But it was not to be, and I got my flowers placidly and unostentatiously at the stage door. What is the good of flowers under those circumstances, I should like to know?" should like to know?"

Miss Hattie Delaro Barnes, full of her Kansas City mishaps, was in the city yester-day. 'One week's salary out of four was all that I had in that Shackford company." all that I had in that Shacrford company, she said with a rueful countenance. 'so I packed up my little trunk and came home. The most mortifying thing about the whole the sheet business was very good. It was affair is that business was very good. It was through mismanagement that the affair wen to pieces. But in spite of my misfortunes enjoyed myself socially in Kansas City Lovely people, I assure you."

Trewey and other people who go to make up Herrmann's Transatlantic Vandeville Company, sail from Liverpool to-day by the City of New York.

'Col. McCaull and Mr. A. M. Palmer have put their heads together and decided to commemorate the one hundredth presenta-tion of 'Clover,' Wednesday evening, Aug.

14, by a beautiful souveneir."

How these heads came together with 3,000 miles of Atlantic Ocean between them is a problem unsolved. But the idea is pretty and does credit to the agent.

Nat Goodwin paid a visit to the Madison Square Theater and laughed at the comedy in "Bootles's Baby" on Monday night. Last night he visited the Bijou and saw "The Lion and the Lamb."

Manager to Actor—All right, Mr. Jones, you shall hear from me in a week. In the mean time, I'll make some inquiries about You. Actor—Thanks. At the end of a week l shall be able to give you my answer. In the mean time, I'll do a little inquiring on my

Miss Pauline Hall is in the city. Her con tract with Rudolph Aronson begins Sept. 17 when she will appear at the Casino again.

Music in Mount Morris Park. There will be music in Mount Morris Park a 8 o'clock this evening by Clappe's Seventy-first Regiment Band. A descriptive piece. "Night Alarm," will be the feature of the evening.

Coming Events.

Jacob Rauschkolb Society, annual excursion to New York Retail Grocers' Union, annual pic-nic and Summer-night festival, Suizer's Harlem Siver Park, Aug. 8. Herman Jacoby's employees annual excursion to Woodside, L. L., Aug. 10.

A Natural Mistake. [From Nine.] Cholly—How did Fweddy come to lose his

cane, Gworge? Gworge-Well, the other day the officers

came awound to abwest Fweddy, don'tcher-know, and by some mistake or other they got hold of Fweddy's cane instead of him.

'That was sad!"

'Indeed it was. And Fweddy needs his cane weal badly."

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE SUMMER PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS FROM WHICH OUR STREAMS AND LAKES ARE SUPPLIED.

> There Are Three in This State, of Which the Caledonia Hatchery Is the Largestskilled Experts Take Care of the Fry Supt. Green's Interesting Report of the

The Superintendent of the State Fish Hatchery, at Caledonia, has just made his report of the fish and eggs shipped and turned loose during the season, which ended on June 24.

It shows a grand total of 13,492,603.

The Caledonia Hatchery is the oldest hatchery in the State. There are three others in this State, two in the Adirondack Mountains and one at Cold Spring, L. L. but the Caledonia Hatchery is the largest of the lot, and is looked upon as the parent of the others.

The fish batcheries belong to one of the most important departments in the State. At these places millions of fish are bred every year and sent out for free distribution in public waters, and in that way the streams

are kept well supplied.

The Caledonia hatchery is located in Caledonia Creek, and is an object of great interest to professional fishermen.

During the past season the work has been

During the past season the work has been carried on at its maximum, and it has contributed largely to stocking both private and public waters in the State.

In fact, the teeming productions of the troughs make it necessary to utilize the outside water as nurseries for the fry that need to be kept until ready for distribution.

The waters are naturally adapted to this purpose. Caledonia Creek, being one great spring coming from under limestone rock has a temperature so nearly uniform all the year around that there is never any serious hindrance from freezing.

The work of caring for the fry is in the hands of skilful experts, who have the advantage of long experience.

The grounds were materially enlarged a few years ago and a greater frontage was secured. Many buildings were erected on them, including an ice and meat house, and the grove is a pretty spot indeed.

The season begins in the latter part of January and ends in the early part of July.

Owners of lakes and streams have to make

January and ends in the early part of July.

Owners of lakes and streams have to make their application for fish before the 1st of January, and then have to pay all expenses for forwarding their supplies.

Supt. Monroe R. Green, of the Caledonia Hatchery, has been very active during the past season. as his report to the Fish Commission will show.

In the document he has just sent to them gives the following interesting statistics.

In the document he has just sent to them he gives the following interesting statistics:
White fish fry deposited in Lake Ontario, 1,000,000; frost fish fry deposited in Hemlock Lake, 80,000; salmon trout fry, 1,501,000; salmon trout eggs, 750,000; brook trout, fry, 1,525,500; brook trout eggs, 100,000; brook trout fry 521,000; brown or German trout fry 521,000; california trout eggs, 125,000; California trout yearling, 130; half brook and half salmon trout, hybrids from four to six years old, 200.
The above are deposited in tyland lakes

The above are deposited in inland lakes and streams.

Shipment of shrimp, 30,000; shipment of German carp, 23; shipment of bullineads, 20; shad fry deposited in the Hudson River, 6,033,-200; making a grand total of 13,492,603. This is an extraordinarily good showing.

Eccentric Errors.

[From the Boston Beraid.]
A western poet has cause to complain that his line, "The rhetoric defunct of fairy love," appeared in print as " The rhetoric defunct of prairie love." The atmosphere of Illinois affected the compositors, who were more familiar with prairies than fairies. One more familiar with prairies than fairies. One of the oddest typographical errors ever made in Boston was in a book published by the firm of Crocker & Brewster, which has just been brought to public attention by the death of Mr. Brewster. It was in one of the sermons of Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, the great orthodox divine. The doctor quoted the Scripture text, "Cut him down. Why cumbereth he the ground?" The intelligent compositor put it in type, "Cut him down, like a cucumber, to the ground,"

A Burglar at Tea.

(From the Chicago Berald.)

James Rodgers, barely ten years of age, was locked up last night charged with burglaries of considerable extent. He is believed laries of considerable extent. He is believed to be responsible for a large share of the depredations that have annoyed South and West Side people for some time past. Although looking younger than he really is, he is reported by the police to carry on his operations with unusual daring. He was arrested on the confession of a boy who had been pressed in as an assistant. Part of the stolen properly was found when the officers made the arrest, and the boy has been lodged at Central Station until the case against him can be prepared.

That Settled It.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"That settled It. can be prepared.

"THE LION AND THE LAMB."

There has never been any act of Congress chaining the imagination of the novelist and playwright to the exclusive discussion of a love story. But it seems to be an unwritten law that without love scenes and heart episodes both novel and play are in danger of condemnation. People never tire of seeing the leading lady wed the leading man, of mating the invente with the ingenue and of finding a bride for the character man in the first old lady. Messrs. Will R. Wilson and Julius A. Lewis in "The Lion and the Lamb," now running at the Bijou Theatre, have dared to make the love subject absolutely insignificant. Instead of caring matrimonially for their pretty girls, they have expended their energies on the portrayal of the eccentricities of a queer old man, who wants to se looked upon as a rone, and who-in the language of the programme-is "something of

a lion, but more of a lamb," This old fellow's ambition is to be the talk of the club. He yearns to be known as "a man about town," that mythical being who has carte blanche at his tailor's, and private, unpaid accounts everywhere, 4He invites Mile. Nocloz, a talented dancer, to his rooms, merely for the ourpose of having her discovered there by his three jolly bachelor friends. He offers her \$500 f she will leave her hat and gloves on his table, and appear from an adjoining room when he gives her the signal to do so. There is a sugestiveness in the conversation leading up to this point that might perhaps be omitted.

husband of Mile. Nocloz, and the climax to the act is very funny and capitally worked up. The old gentlemen then fights a duel and ends by marrying a widow, who drinks cordial and smokes eigarettes, because she imagines it the fashion to do so.

There are many excellent things in "The Lion and the Lamb." Some of the lines are scinctillant with humor; many of the situations are novel and entertaining. The duel scene is very funny, and though hypercriticism may point to

a suggestion of Bob Acres, hypercriticism has

never been known to be of much importance. The last act is bad. It is inexcusably weak. There is absolutely no denouement, and after a three-act sojourn in a theatre I think an audience deserves some sort of a settlement. There is a song and dance brilliantly introduced; much table dodging and sofa jumping; an unnecessary whiskey story, and a very painful corpse episode, that ought to be eliminated without delay. The simulated death of a husband and the poignant grief of his wife are

not subjects for comedy. They administer a douche-like shock to an audience. Messrs. Wilson and Lewis in "The Lion and the Lamb " have a play that can become an agreeable success. They intend "whipping" it into shape. I would suggest that they confine their operations almost entirely to the last act.

The cast is an excellent one. Charles Coote, as the old man, gave an admirable performance of much artistic value. Tyrone Power was effectively unconventional, while Miss Leonora Bradley, as the widow, played with pleasantly repressed exuberance. After Mr. Coote's per-formance, that of Miss Gabrielle Du Sauld, as Mile, Nocloz, calls for the second prize. Miss Du Sauld is an artist. Miss Effic Shannon had very little to do but look the ingenue. She looked the ingenue.

Sheridan Tupper played the thankless part of an alcoholic evangelical worker. The role is in bad taste, and "The Lion and the Lamb" rould not be hurt if it were quietly dropped. ALAN DALE.

A Give-Away.



travelled quite a bit last season, my boy. Where now? Small Visitor—Please, sir, I'm from the trunk man, sir; an he says as here's a label he forgot to put on!

either.'

AMONG THE FUN-MAKERS.

WHAT THE JOKERS ARE SAYING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

A Summer Idyl; or, Voices and Faces,



First City Young Lady-Listen, Flo, how weetly the children sing!

Second City Young Lady-Ab, Gladys, what would I not give to be one of those happy, happy children!



"THOSE HAPPY, HAPPY CHILDREN."

Up and Down.

'I called, sir, " said old Jinks to the tailor, in reference to the letter you sent about the way my son has treated you. I guess you will find him all right in the future, because he has promised me to settle down."

"That doesn't interest me," replied the tailor, "I want him to settle up." tailor.

Her Mother Was Right.

Fanny (who lives across the street)-What caused you to give up your singing, Ethel? aused you to give up your soles any more.
I never hear your voice any more.
Oh, mother persuaded Ethel Screecher—Oh, mother persuaded me to give it up. You see, Fanny, we are are keeping boarders now.

Admiration.

(From the Merchant Praveller,] "Are you unfriendly with this man?" asked the Judge. "I am not, sir; I used to be, but I ain't

" What has caused this sudden change in your feelings?"
"Well, Judge, I never knew before how hard he could hit. He certainly is a daisy."

She Enrand It. [From Harper's Basar.] "Do you belong to the Salvation Army?" he asked of a stern-visaged woman who stood

at his side. " No. sir. I do not. But in this generation of tired men," she added, with a withering glance at the row of sitting males, "I seem to belong to the standing army." She got a

Patherly Solicitude [From the Chicago Pribune.] Mrs. Skinnphlint (anxiously)-James, I am alarmed about Johnny. He has been away all the afternoon. I am afraid he's lost.

Mr. Skinnphlipt—It's more likely he has
run away for good. And it's been only three
weeks since I had that boy vaccinated.
(Gloomily)—Cost me a dollar.

> Pessimistic. [From the Hatchet.]

"Papa," asked Johnny Cumso, "what is a pessimist?"

Mr. Briggs is a pessimist, Johnny," replied papa. He always bets against the

A Summer Arrangement.

go and throw Mr. Coldsnap overboard, for I bought our coal from him last Winter. Now,

next Winter I'll have to pay the full price.

Wife—Calm yourself, husband; she is going to renew the engagement in the Fall.
You see, she broke it in order to become engaged to Mr. Cooler, the man we buy our ice from.

May heaven's richest blessing rest upon that daughter.

Two Desperate Men. "Get out of my way!"

"Step off in the mud yourself. The walk

s as much mine as it is yours." The first of the two speakers was the possessor of an incipient boil on the back of the neck. The second had just got a letter from home announcing that he was the father of a par of lusty twins. The fight that took place in that narrow sidewalk was the most desperate ever known in the history of the town.

[From Life.]

Kooponn-By the way, Bonds, what caused the decline in your lank shares to-day-dividend off? Bonds (laconically)-No, eashier.

From Oregon.

WOLF CREEK, JOSEPHINE CO., Ore., April 7, 1888.

FLEMING BROS.

Dear Sirs: Having suffered with liver complaint for some years past. I have tried several remedies, and the only one which gave perfect satisfaction was Da. O. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. My husband bought me one lox, and three doses worked worders for me. I feel like a new woman, and I write you to return thanks for so much benefit. I recommend all my friends to try Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills.

Cure sick headachs, billousness, liver complaint dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples of face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly DR. C. McLank's CELEBRATER LIVER PILLS, prepared only by Floming Bros. Pittsburg, Pa. Price 25 cents, Sold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLank's Liven Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg.

STORE TEETH

are frequently shiney crockery looking affairs that so one's teeth on edge. But as made by us they are a tilled of beauty and a joy forever. Friese 'way down.

THE HANKS ('O., Dentists, 20 36th ave., cor. 14th st., New York. Jersey City, York and Grove sts. Newark, Broad and Market sts.

AMUSEMENTS.

BLIOU THEATRE, B'WAY, NEAR 30TH ST.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
The new large conedy by Will R Wiles and Julius A.
Lewis, THE LIGN AND THE LAWS.
CAST INCLUDES: CHARLES COOTE, K. F. COTTON, FRITZ WILL-IAMS, LEONORA BRADLEY, EFFIR SHANNON, ANNIE A DAMS and GABRIEL DURAULD. Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 50c., 75c., \$1 and \$1.50. WEST BRIGHTON CASINO,

CONEY ISLAND. TO-NIGHT, RAIN OR SHINE.

THE POSTPONED SEASIDE CARNIVAL AND DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Corner 41st at Evenings at N. Matines Saturday at 3. Francis Wilson Fourth | THE OOLAH, and company, Month, | THE OOLAH, New York's greatest comic opera hit. PALMER, THEATRE, Broadway & 30th at CLOVER! OPERA CLOVER! OPERA CLOWER! MATINEES SATURDAY.

MATINEES SATURDAY, MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, RATE CLAXTON and CHAS, A. STEVENSON IS BOOTLES'S BABY, A FOUR-ACT COMEDY, BY HUGH MOSS,

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL.
First time of Fred Solomon's Burlesque, First time of Fred Solomou's Burlingue,
BANDITTI:
OR, LAMB'D IN CORSICA,
MATINEES, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY

MANHATTAN BEACH MORISOUS AFTE DAYS OF POMPEH WORKS PERDOM AFTE AT THE WEEK.

CABINO.
THE BRIGANDS.
Continuous Roof Garden Concert, 7, 30 to 12.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TH ST.

Mr. J. Z. LITTLE in new play

GOLDEN GULCH.

A romantic play of Americantifa.

Matiness, TUESDAY, FRIDAY. 111 1 111 4 11

TERRACE GARDEN, 58th st., near 3d ave. -To night Grode-Groda. Thursday, by request, Gasparone, with Mrs. Selma Kronold Concert in the Garden. (Prom Time.)
Husband—What a pity that Emma had to

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or " the same as Pearline." It's false—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers.

Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York

ON A CYCLONE. A RIDE

Extraordinary Story of a Ranchman's Aerial

Experiences.

By W. H. BALLOU.

(Published by Special Arrangement with the Author and Belford, Clarke & Co.)

CHAPTER I. "Hello! help! What in the name of wonder does this mean? Sam, I say! Come panic. "What species of vagabond is this? here, you black varmint!"

raise near at hand and a frightened negro, through the opening.

"Now you hole on, sah! I's not Sam. I's Jonas, I is. What you doing on Mars's roof? That's what I want to know. I'll call the finanical circles as the head of an immense purlice, I will."

are not Sam and that you will call the police?

call my man, will you? That's a good of a hot night."

predicament? How"-

"I'll jess call Mare John, I will, and we'll

trow yer off de roof, we will," threat, when a gray head and stern face appeared above the scuttle; then a tall, dignifled gentleman emerged and surveyed the scene in amazement. He advanced a little. looking at the bed, or rather mattress, and the face of the man under the clothing, growing more and more indignant.

"My name is John de Land," he said, as if the announcement ought to be sufficient to cause the culprit to take to his heels in a A man in bed on my roof in the broad light away! I am no lunatic. The shouts and cries of the man had an of the morning! Explain yourself, if you

immediate effect. A scuttle was heard to can, sir, before I call the police." " Pm not on your roof, you old hypocrite! followed by several chambermaids, passed I am in my own bed, on my own roof, if anybody's. My name is Franz Porzig, baron. "Come here you, Sam, and explain this May I inquire what you and these gaping mystery. How did I get into this strange servants are doing here, and why my valet, Sam, let you in before I am up?"

The situation was interesting, and when the baron gave his name, so well-known in cattle syndicate in the West, the old gentleman The man half arose in his bed and looked appeared amused. "My dear Baron," he rearound in a bewildered way. "You black marked, "rise a little and look around and varmint! what do you mean by saying you repeat if you can that you are on your owu roof. So many houses join that you may Well, by Jove, you are not Sam. Go and have moved your bed during the restlessness

The baron arose again and gazed about him, more and more dazed. The sun scorched his eyes and he was bewildered by the vast | with ease and grace. No mention was made The excited black turned to carry out his | network of wires, brown-stone mansions and spires visible far around him on all sides.

The baron opened his eyes, ''It's a dream.

Land, kindly.

Go away, spectres. This is not New Dresden nor Idaho, nor the Porzig ranch; there are no cattle visible, no horses, no sheep. Go

away. I dream," "Baron, arouse yourself! This is the city of New York. You are on the roof of a stranger, though not a stranger to your fame. New Dresden, Idaho, has filled many pages of the morning papers for two days. It was destroyed night before last by the most terrible cyclone ever known. Every inhabitant is supposed to be dead, and your name heads the death-list. Every vestige of your buildings, every head of your stock has been wiped out. Arouse, I say, and explain your-

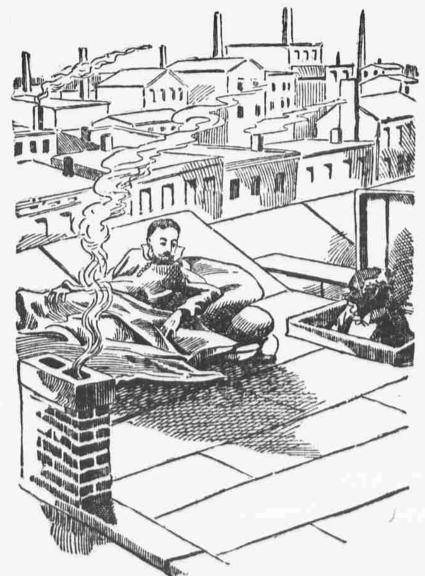
self." The affrighted baron sprang from his bed like a madman and gazed at De Land, his night-gown blown by the fresh ocean breeze-'Impossible, sir! Impossible! I went to bed in New Dresden last night, 2,500 miles from New York. How could I have been transported so far in so short a time? Go

"But look around you." Porzig's gaze again swept the horizon, and he gasped for breath. "It is New York," he sighed. "I am mad, then, not dreaming."

"No, my friend, you are neither mad nor dreaming. You are sane, and what is better, by happening to be away from home you alone have escaped the fury of the cyclone. Come. You have had a joliy night of it somewhere in this vicinity, and your companions have played a practical joke on you. Let me give you some clothing and breakfast, and then we can talk calmly over the

The party descended, and after Porzig had

bathed and donned a suit, which was too long for him, he joined the family at breakfast. He was presented to Mrs, and Miss de Land, each as tall as the father. These stately, magnificent women received him nor any hint offered concerning his strange appearance in the house. In such a circle He rubbed his eyes, beat his head, gave it his high breeding asserted itself, and he conup and reclined again. "Oh, well!" he versed as a man of the world who had been murmured, "it's a dream; I'll sleep it out." invited there for the pleasure of his com-"What do you say?" demanded Mr. de pany. For the time being he apparently forgot his predicament and only remembered



HE HALP AROSE ON HIS BED AND LOOKED AROUND IN A BEWILDERED WAY. woman, who, he now recalled, was the most | retired, Mr. de Land produced the morning that he was in the presence of a young I famous beauty of the day. When the ladies papers and handed them to Porzig. The from an American to a Prussian, at least a

turning white. Daughter!" he shouted. come here!" Miss de Land entered with stately grace, and at a signal from her father seated herself converse with him gently. The soothing,

him until his intense black hairs no longer

whitened with terror. The magnetism of the

woman soothed the wild tumult in his brain,

but still Miss de Land noticed that he seemed

absolutely unnerved by reason of emotions

and sensations, as yet unknown to her, which

were convulsing his being. She naturally

surmised that he was crazed with liquor, which, to all appearance, he must have been indulging in for some time past. " Baron," she said sweetly, "do you ever

take advice, and would you take it from a lady so young as myself ?" " Mademoiselle de Land," he replied, with shiver which ran from his head to his feet. 'there are times when advice cannot save the ship beating upon the rocks and doomed to swift destruction. Even in that predicament it would be sweet to die listening to anything so fascinating a woman as yourself might say. Believe me, however, it is not what will be said by you to which I can listen, but that subtle quality of your voice which will relieve me of the miseries into which I am plunged-miseries such as no man ever before endured. Only speak and I can

"Baron, however few my years, I have found that the will can hold contemptuously at bay any emotions, sensations and trials possible in human experience. Try to look | posure, "here are the dailes showing that on what has passed with contempt. That is the only course for us who live in these wiped out and myself killed. I have millions modern times, when the veils which hide so many mysteries have been torn away, showing what is behind them."

'Mademoiselle," he replied, rousing himself, "such advice sounds strangely, coming

Baron glanced at them, his face showing Prussian by birth and instincts, though I am signs of increasing horror. Mr. de Land, a citizen of this country by long resi-who was watching him narrowly, suddenly dence here. My native empire has done sprang forward and snatched the papers most to lift those veils of which you speak, and we Prussians have never been accused "Porzig!" he commanded, "look at me! of a lack of fortitute. Remember that Rouse yourself! Some of your hairs are Goethe forecast evolution long before the time of Darwin. Still your advice is good. But, Mademoiselle, how can a man who went to sleep in New Dresden and awoke thirty-six hours afterward in New York, over beside the unfortunate baron. She began to twenty-five hundred miles away, look with contempt on the mystery, the destruction of property and terrible loss of life which make magnetic tones of her voice gradually roused



DON'T ENTERTAIN SUCH PREPOSTEROUS FANCIES," THEY SAID. up the situation I am now called upon to

"Baron!" exclaimed both father and daughter, "don't entertain such preposterous fancies,"

" My friends," said the baron, earnestly, with an effort regaining his accustomed commy New Dresden property worth a million is remaining, every dollar of which I will give to you if you can show that I slept in New York last night, that I did not retire in New Dresden the night before."

The father and daughter stared. (To be continued to-morrow.)